

# NEVADA'S OLD SILVER KING STARTS LIFE ANEW AT 78 YEARS OF AGE.

Undaunted by His Loss of Wealth, the Venerable Statesman Has Undertaken to "Make Another Pile" in the State That Has Given Him Several Fortunes and Many Political Honors.

**T**HE days of our years are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength but labor and sorrow.

The days of our years—of yours and mine, perhaps—are three score years and ten, but it is evident that the Psalmist never knew ex-Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, or he would have qualified his statement. For by reason of strength he is verging perilously close to the four score, and his strength is anything but labor and sorrow. On the contrary word comes from his Western retreat that though broken in fortune he is not discouraged, and at seventy-eight he is beginning life anew.

He is a wonderful old man, Senator William Morris Stewart, of Nevada. He was born in Lyons, N. Y., in 1827, and so is considerably past the allotted three-score and ten. All his life long he has toiled and he is living testimony to the fact that labor does not kill. He might well say with old Adam in "As You Like It":

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty, For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did with unashamed forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as lusty winter, Frosty but kindly."

He has made and lost several fortunes. He has been a prominent and picturesque figure in Washington for nearly forty years, having come out of the West in 1865 as Nevada's first Senator, and having been Nevada's Senator ever since except for an interval of twelve years between 1875 and 1887 when having lost a great deal of money he decided that it was up to him to get out and hustle for another pile. He hustled, and got it, and in 1887 came back to Washington to represent his State for another eighteen years while he was spending it.

**Full of Confidence in Himself.**

Now, having spent, he has gone back to hustle again—back to the State of Nevada, to the Toponah mining district where he owns some gold properties, which during his last years in the Senate he tried to sell his fellow Senators stock in—Toponah, where he believes there is a good opening for an energetic, ambitious, hustling lawyer, and where he can watch the development of his mining properties while he is building up a law practice once more. And he has gone out there as bright and chipper to build up this new fortune for himself, as full of confidence in his inevitably "striking it rich" as the most hopeful youngster about to make his first bid for fame and fortune. Truly an indomitable old soul!

Stewart is of the purest Saxon type. He was an adventurer in his early teens. By the all-conquering qualities—sheer force of will and untiring industry—he acquired an education. In his youth he cut the furthest swath in the harvest field and the widest and there were none in the Mohawk or Genesee valley to compete with him in that athletic labor. A student at Yale in 1849, he left college, and became a "forty-niner" in California. And though he never graduated at New Haven, his name in later years was placed on the rolls of the class of '52, and in 1865 his alma mater made him an M. A., proud thus to emphasize her share in the making of so vivid an avital personality.

When he left the Senate last March he was the oldest in it in point of service, and one of the oldest in point of years—and "as a disturbing force he certainly has had no equal in recent years." He had the reputation of talking more than any man in the Senate, and of usually timing his speeches for when they were least desired. If the Senate was on the eve of an important vote and everybody eagerly awaiting the decisive moment, Mr. Stewart had a cheerful habit of rising to speak on the great crime of 1873. He was frequently violent in his personal abuse, and the two men in the world whom he has apparently disliked most have been John Sherman and Grover Cleveland.

**Genial But Dominant.**

He was known as the Santa Claus of the Senate, and he loo—the part without having to make up for it either—and a right royal Santa Claus at that, with his six feet, three inches in height, his 240 pounds weight, his massive head with its silver thatch, his strong face, with its flowing snowy beard, and his voice as deep and heavy as the mythical sea king.

His face is deeply lined, but there is little stoop to his shoulders, broadened in early youth by work with the pick and shovel. His cheek is ruddy and his eye is clear. His bearing is genial, but dominant at times to the verge of domineering. He leans on nobody. He forms and asserts his own opinions with racy vigor. He belongs to the grand army of pioneers—the virgin earth-breakers. He is of the Argonauts who braved the dragon danger in a hundred forms and won the golden fleece while only a sprawling baby. But Mark

Twain's eye and humor were in the unknown reporter as in the author of the "Innocents Abroad." Witness his original cartoon of "Big Bill Stewart, the boss of the bar."

**Mark Twain's Description of Stewart.**

"Why, man, he doth bestride our narrow range like a Colossus, and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves six feet of unclaimed ground. Sure it is, too, that he has as much brass in his composition as the famous old statue of Rhodes ever had."

In the grave and suave old Senator as the Capital knew him, a passing glance would see small likeness to the long-limbed, raw-boned, red-haired adventurer, enveloped in a yellow duster, with dapping skirts, who climbed the Sierras to seek his fortune in the new field of the Nevada silver mines and strode along the dusty trail across the valley of the Carson, in the midst of the motley stream of prospectors, gamblers, sailors, merchants, lawyers, clerks, cowboys, cooks, "tenderfeet" of many nations, races, and color, threading the files of carts heaped high with every sort of baggage, while a whirling din of calls and oaths and jests urged on the bucking bronchos and plodding oxen and straining mules with jingling collar and straps of bells.

But in the burly unkempt adventurer the unflagging energy, the unfaltering nerve, the fourteen-hour working power, the bold ambition, the dashing insight, the readiness of adaptation, the hard sense, the colossal self-assertion that lifted the man above the muck in a few months' time to the head of the bar in the turbulent camp and presaged his grip upon the reins and whip that guided and lashed the plunging team of the new Territory of Nevada.

**Both Miner and Student.**

He was a miner with a pick and shovel and pan; he was a student in a law office. Not for very long, however, for within nine months of his deciding to be a lawyer he was a lawyer, duly admitted to the bar of his State—and in less than a year prosecuting attorney. Two years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he was attorney general of California, and recognized as one of the most capable lawyers on the coast in mining litigation.

He moved to Nevada in 1860, when the Comstock lode was discovered. And his history is the history of the State of Nevada. He was a member of her territorial council in 1861, of her constitutional convention in 1863, and her first Senator chosen in 1864. All that time he was fighting the legal battles of the Comstock companies, and drawing from them for his services a salary of \$200,000 a year. They were undoubtedly worth it, for he finally won the battle for the "one lode theory," which confirmed the companies in the possession of almost invaluable mining properties, on the contention that a number of claims on what were claimed as parallel lodes were all merely outcroppings of the original lode and the property of the original stake.

The \$200,000 a year from the Comstock companies is not the idle dream of a yellow journalist; it is the serious statement of no less an authority than Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian. And Stewart himself is authority for the statement that up to 1865 the Comstock lode litigation had cost at least \$10,000,000. So that was no small pile for a young man to have a finger in. Bancroft bears this further testimony: "The statement that he was not always over-scrupulous was doubtless inspired by the fact that he was generally successful." Apparently the historian had found no sufficient basis for such statements.

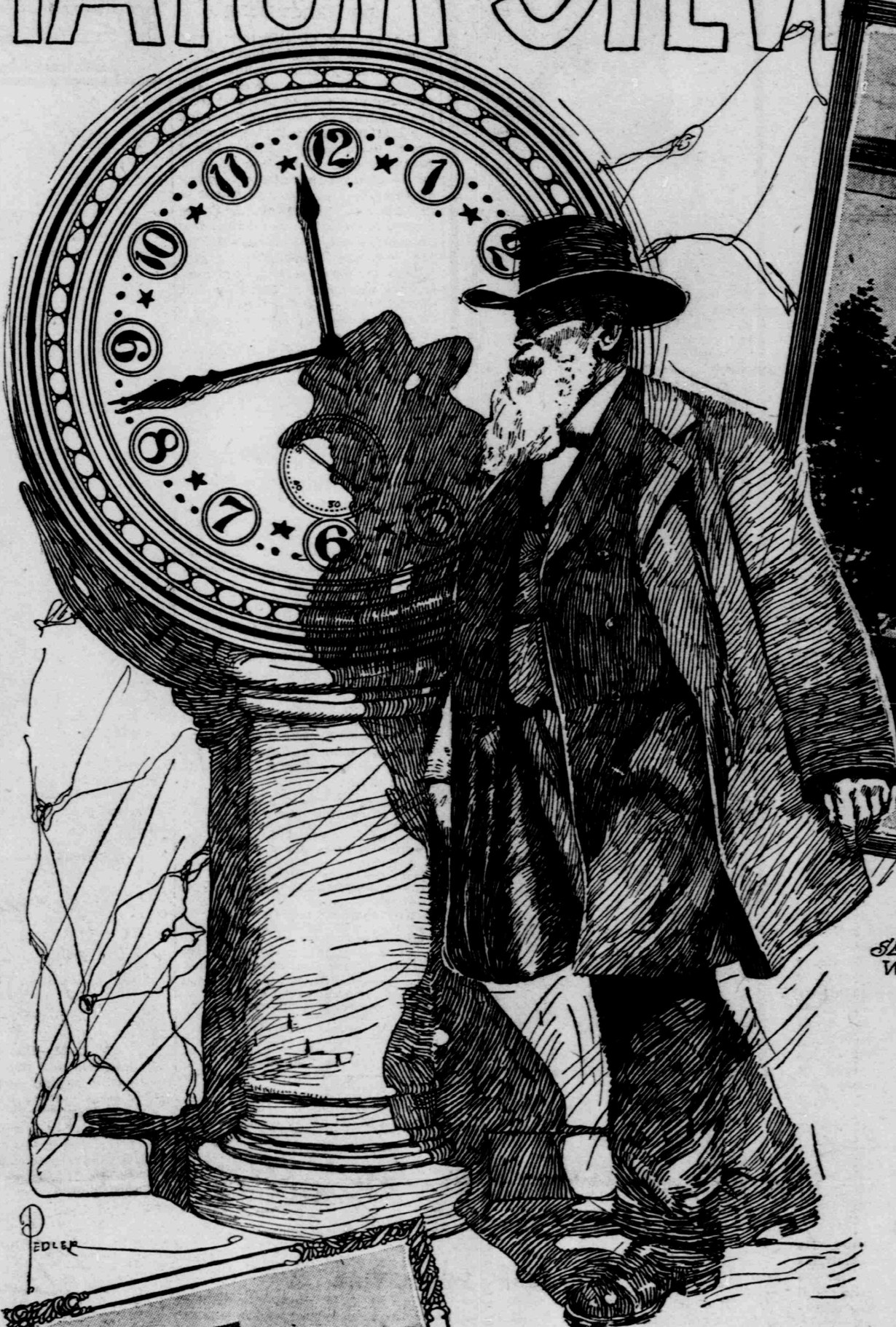
**The "Boss of the Bar."**

He was, as Mark Twain said, undoubtedly "boss of the bar," of the State, and in that capacity removed in a day the entire judiciary of the State, doubtless to its ultimate advantage.

In the days when Nevada was struggling into Statehood, the lode was fighting for its life in the momentous years from 1861 to 1865. Stewart was a strong Union man, and had much to do with saving both California and Nevada to the Union. Out of the labor of those days the State of Nevada was born—born of a political necessity. The Republican party required four more votes in the United States Senate. West Virginia, born into the Union by a political and revolutionary Caesarian operation, provided two of them. But two more were needed to give the Thirteenth Amendment the requisite majority in that body, and so Nevada was made a State. It reminds one of old Sir Robert Walpole's grim threat when he was prime minister to make his footman a peer of England when he needed another vote in the House of Lords.

So it came about that Stewart, of Virginia City, found himself a Senator in Congress at the age of thirty-seven, and in the pregnant year of 1864. He participated in all the debates on reconstruction. He even had a scheme of reconstruction of his own—a more lenient scheme than that adopted, for though a Union man, Stewart had many Southern affiliations through his wife, who was the daughter of Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, and his sympathies were largely with the South. It is notable that in 1873 he voted for and advocated the "crime of '73," and unhesitatingly declared for a gold standard.

James M. Nye was his colleague in the Senate—a man of infinite jest, and the life of that sodate body. He was a favorite everywhere, and it was hoped that he would succeed himself in 1873.



SENATOR STEWART'S FORMER WASHINGTON HOME.

ington needed real genuine unadulterated milk for its stomach's sake; and he undertook to supply the local housewives with the real article, pure and fresh from the cow, which, he said, they had never yet had, as a business proposition his farming was about on a par with Horace Greeley's. He could not compete with the chalk and water artists of the suburbs. It did not pay, but he got a whole lot of fun out of it.

Then he took up the pure food hobby. His horrified fellow-legislators by declaring that the expensive chickens and turkeys that they ate at the Capitol restaurant were kept for months and even years after they were killed; that fresh caught fish was unknown outside of the fisherman's cabin, and that what was served them had been caught many moons before. As for steaks, they were probably years old, and had been melting in the interim in some refrigerating plant. He advanced the theory that most of the ills that flesh is heir to are not the result of cold or heart disease, to which they are generally ascribed, but directly due to the keeping of food, particularly animal food, in cold storage until it was no longer fit for food.

It was not long that carried the Senator off, though it may have been heart disease. There was an epidemic of matrimony among the older legislators of the Senate in 1903. Depew fell victim to it, and Platt, and finally Stewart. He was married, without his family's consent or knowledge, to Mrs. May Agnes Cone,

at Atlanta, Ga., October 27, 1903. Mrs. Cone was the widow of Theodore C. Cone, son of Francis S. Cone, a distinguished ante-bellum lawyer. She herself was a Miss Atchison, of Baltimore, originally, and at the time of her marriage to the Senator was a comely woman, some thirty years his junior. They had never met till after the first Mrs. Stewart's death.

Soon after this second adventure in matrimony, the Senator sold his Virginia farm at considerable loss and took up his residence in a Washington apartment. He sold also at auction all the bric-a-brac and furnishings that his first wife had collected with such loving care for Castle Stewart. He even sold some of her jewels. That caused a bad split in the Stewart family. But the Senator's reply to all his daughters' protests was, "I need the money."

People did not then realize that of a truth the old man did need the money, that his fortune had dwindled until he had scarce as many thousands as he had once had millions. But he announced that he was not a candidate for re-election. And he has gone back to Nevada to make a home, and build up another fortune for the bride of his old age—gone with all the pluck of a boy to begin life over again. They say that he gets younger every year. Certainly he has the vivacity and pugnacity of a man of half his age, and Washington can but uncover to the indomitable spirit of the kindly old giant, whom it has known so long, and bid him "hall" even as it bids him "farewell."

## Marvelous Treasures of the Romanoffs

**M**OSCOW is the heart of Russia, and the Kremlin is the heart of Moscow, is an old saying, and it is to the Kremlin we must go to see the truly Oriental opulence of the Russian imperial house. Few foreigners have been privileged to gaze on the magnificent crown jewels of the Romanoffs, safely housed in the imperial treasury, adjoining the great palace of the Kremlin. The writer, by special permission, was recently allowed to examine the priceless treasures—jewels without number, wonderful specimens of the goldsmith's art, gems of fabulous value, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, clustered together in masses of most exquisite workmanship.

Lest the incredulous should smile, it may be stated at the outset that the Russian state is one of the greatest economic units on the face of the earth; that it draws an annual net profit of \$2,000,000 from its forests, mines, and agricultural property; that it receives annually \$40,000,000 from its communities of ex-servants; that it owns 24,000 miles of railway; that the Czar is certainly one of the richest men living, having an official annual income of nearly \$5,000,000 and a private annual income of from four to five times this amount.

On entering the imperial treasury the duly accredited visitor is received by court officials of charming manners and dignified courtesy, whose grace and verisatality at once reveal Russia's cultured nobility. The first room contains all kinds of ancient and modern weapons, armor for men and horses, with explanatory notes and dates. Near by is the gorgeous baldachin under which the Emperor walked at his coronation. It is constructed of ebony and mother-of-pearl, covered with velvet and cloth of gold, and surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers in three colors—black, white, and yellow.

**Thrones Represent Fortunes.**

An immense room full of thrones, each representing a fortune! Single thrones, double thrones, and even triple ones! Specially quaint is the double throne made for Ivan and Peter, with an opening behind, through which the young monarchs could be secretly advised by their sister Sophia. Here also is the

throne of Alexis, studded with 1,223 rubies, 873 diamonds, and other precious stones; the throne of Boris, presented to him by the Shah of Persia, ornamented with hundreds of large pearls and turquoises; the magnificent ivory throne brought from Constantinople by Sophia on her marriage with Ivan the Great in 1572, and many others of imposing design and great historic associations.

The array of crowns is bewildering in number and brilliancy. Among the fifty-two titles of the Czar of all the Russias are Czar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Khokhlov, and the crowns of these once separate kingdoms now repose in the Russian treasury.

The crown of the Crimea is a plain gold circlet—a modest violet among the sunflowers. The crown of Vladimir Monomachus is of special interest, as that monarch married the daughter of the English King Harold, succeeding to the throne of Kiev in 1113. It is of rare gold filigree work on sable, surmounted by a plain cross set with pearls. A topaz, a sapphire and a ruby adorn the dome, and the lower part is encrusted with pearls, rubies and diamonds.

**Adorned With 900 Diamonds.**

The crown of Peter the Great is adorned with 900 diamonds, surmounted by a diamond cross rising from the center of an immense emerald ruby, while that of the Empress Catherine II is bedizened by no fewer than 2,338 diamonds and an enormous ruby, producing a rainbow of color dazzling in its brilliancy. The crown of Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present imperial house, is surrounded by 190 precious stones and surmounted by a gigantic emerald. The coronet of the present empress is remarkable chiefly for the quality of its jewels, being bedecked with 100 of the purest gems ever brought together in a single ornament, and is said to be unequalled in the world.

slightly and appeared too large, an ornament readily seized upon by augurs of evil.

The royal orb is decorated with diamonds, set in two bands, encircling it at right angles. On its upper surface is a large sapphire surmounted by a diamond cross, while to the orthodox Russian not the least precious of its materials is a piece of the true cross of Christ. The imperial scepter has for its chief ornament the magnificent gem known as the Orloff diamond, one of the largest and most valuable in existence; and the jeweled collars of the order of St. Andrew, the great sword of state, the imperial seal, and the insignia of innumerable orders blink their animation in var-colored lights.

**Many Plates of Pure Gold.**

The ancient practice of presenting bread and salt to the Czar as a sign of submission and fealty is still a ceremonial function at each coronation. Envoys from Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, and far-away Yakutsk have offered their allegiance to recent Czars on plates of pure gold, to which has sometimes been added as a constituent part, a saltcellar of rare design. At least 1,000 of these plates, with their accompanying saltcellars, are arranged as plaques on the walls or hidden in recesses by priceless tapestry. Many of the plates are embossed with the Emperors' initials in gems.

The gold plate used at the imperial banquets is truly regal. Its value is enormous, owing to its abundance, the elegance of its design, its choice workmanship, and the quality of its materials.

The jeweled dresses of former Empresses of Russia are carefully preserved, that of Catherine II being so long and heavy with gems that it needed twelve chamberlains to support its train. The wedding dress of the present Empress is imperial in texture and price, costing no less than \$200,000.

**VEGETARIANISM AND MUSIC.**

A vegetarian journal published at Hamburg appeals to its readers not to attend Wagner performances nor play any of the master's music. It describes Richard Wagner as "a gross flesh feeder" and a man who openly ridiculed vegetarian principles. — Kansas City Journal.



SENATOR STEWART AS WASHINGTON KNEW HIM

Asked about his prospects, he answered: "My dear fellow, the man who wants my place is worth \$5,000,000."

**Became a Rich Man.**

And the time came when Stewart gave way to a very rich man. That was in 1875. Mr. Sharon had the doubtful distinction of attending fewer sittings of the Senate than any other man who was ever on its roll for a full term. It was gossip of the period that when the deputy sergeant-at-arms waited on him to take him to the bar of the Senate one night when there was a "call" of that body, he bade that official tell the Senate to go to hell. After Sharon came another very rich man as Senator from Nevada, a man called Fair. Both of them lived in California, and spent much of their time in Europe, yet they figured as Senators from Nevada. Fair was a Democrat. He probably took the office to show that Democratic millions could talk just as loud as Republican millions. He stayed in the Senate six years, and then Stewart having recuperated himself financially, came into his own again.

He returned to Washington, took up his residence in Stewart Castle once more, and until at the close of his last term he left the Capital for good and all, lived here, only going back to Nevada once in six years or so, when it was necessary to get himself re-elected. Although originally a gold standard man, from the time that currency became a national issue—and he himself is credited with being the father of the free silver issue in national politics—Stewart was a silver man. He talked